

The history

Successes or losses, what is, or is not, serves  
As stuffe for these two to make paradoxes.  
*Nestor.* And in the imitation of these twaine,  
Who as *Ulysses* sayes opinion crownes,  
With an imperiall voyce many are infect;  
*Ajax* is growne selfe-wild, and beares his head  
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place  
As broad *Achilles*: keepes his Tent like him,  
Makes factious feasts, railes on our state of warre,  
Bould as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*  
A slaue, whose gall coynes slanders like a mint;  
To match vs in comparisons with durt,  
To weaken our discredit, our exposure  
How ranke so euer rounded in with danger,  
*Ulysses.* They take our policie, and call it cowardice,  
Count wisdom as no member of the warre,  
Forfall prescience, and esteeme no act  
But that of hand, the still and mentall parts;  
That do contriue how many hands shall strike,  
When fittesse calls them on, and know by measure  
Of their obseruant toyle the enemies waight,  
Why this hath not a fingers dignitie,  
They call this bed-work, mappry, Closet warre;  
So that the Ram that batters downe the wall,  
For the great swinge and rudenesse of his poise,  
They place before his hand that made the engine;  
Or those that with the fittie of their soules,  
By reason guide his execution.  
*Nest.* Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse  
Makes many *Thersites* sonnes,  
*Agam.* What trumpet? looke *Menelaus*:  
*Mene.* From Troy.  
*Agam.* What would you fore our tent:  
*Ene.* Is this great *Agamemnons* tent I pray you?  
*Agam.* Euen this.  
*Ene.* May one that is a Herralde and a Prince,  
Do a faire message to his Kingly eyes?  
*Agam.* With fury stronger then *Achilles* arme;

of Troilus and

Fore all the Greekeish heads, which  
Call *Agamemnon* head and generall  
*Ene.* Faire leaue and large space  
A stranger to those most imperious  
Know them from eyes of other  
*Agam.* How?  
*Ene.* I, I aske that I might  
And bid the cheeke be ready w  
Modest as morning, when shee  
Which is that god, in office giu  
Which is the high and mighty  
*Agam.* This Troyan scorne  
Are cceremonious Courtiers.  
*Ene.* Courtiers as free as de  
As bending Angels, that their  
But when they would seeme so  
Good armes, strong ioints, true  
Nothing so full of heart: but p  
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on  
The worthinesse of praise distai  
If that the praised him-selfe bri  
But what the repining enemy c  
That breath fame blowes, that  
*Agam.* Sir you of Troy, call y  
*Ene.* I Greeke, that is my  
*Agam.* Whats your affaires I  
*Ene.* Sir pardon, 'tis for *Ag*  
*Agam.* He heeres naught priu  
*Ene.* Nor I from Troy com  
I bring a trumpet to awake his  
To set his feat on that attentue  
And then to speake.  
*Agam.* Speake frankly as th  
It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping  
That thou shalt know Troyan  
Hee tels thee so himselfe.  
*Ene.* Trumpet blowe a low  
Send thy brasse voyce through